

# USHIRI #1



Outcast  
for sale

"Milking  
genetically  
modified  
men is the  
future"



Romantic  
Vikings



100% CARROT  
UNDERGROUND

Topics:

Smoking is healthy  
Carrot worshipping  
Finnish cargames part 1  
Tall women perspective  
Violinistic sexual charisma  
Goat-riding game developer  
How Corona started a friendship  
Face eating horseman - Horror story  
God wants you to make love to him

Comics with:

Animal abuse  
Corona blackmail  
Psychotic Nazi soda  
Sexual harassment against men



# Hi there carrots :)

Hi there, dear carrots! I want to explain why this magazine exists and also the big difference with this in comparison to others.

For the last two years I have been a part of an organisation named Fountain House (Fontänhuset), which is part of the worldwide organisation "Clubhouse International", helping people with mental disorders all over the globe to have a meaningful day. In the Fountain House of Malmö I'm a part of the media section that produces a magazine distributed in 800+ printed copies all over Malmö, including Fountain House members, health organisations and other organisations that support us.

But as it stands now, I have been over-productive with my artwork and I have therefore chosen to make this magazine in my own name. Hence, the artwork you will see in this magazine will almost entirely be drawn by me. Articles, poems, reviews, and other text material will partially be made by others, within this easy concept that differs from how it is usually done:

Concept for Ushiri magazine:

I, Ushiri, create an artwork, come up with a topic for it and then I look for someone who is interested in writing something around it.

In other magazines, it's usually the other way around. Somebody writes an article and then you ask an illustrator to draw something. But it seems like I'm quite maniacal from time to time with my drawings. As sleep often doesn't occur, I sit and draw, and draw, for hours and days. That's why I thought that it's time for me to produce my own magazine. So here it is, and hope you all enjoy it! :D

May the eternal carrotgods protect you all!

USHIRI

Funny facts:

I built this first issue in 1 month in a most manic way

I switched my legal name from Peter to Ushiri (and it does not mean pig in Japanese).

Thanks to: Ronja, Jonkan, Julle, MiMP, MyGudinna for the inspiration they have given me.

Special thanks to Ulrika.L for comicsidea.

## Topics that this magazine will cover

Ego related to artist Ushiri and his creations, Fiction, Carrot worshipping, female rights, Fresh new perspective on things, Gender stuff, Book reviews, odd ones, Dictators, Comics, Coffee topics, Interviews, Reviews: Comics, books, Odd Games, fetishes, Mental issues, techno, disorders, Cynicism, dark humour, philosophical ideas.

## Topics that will not be in this magazine

Popular political news and ideas that are discussed elsewhere. USHIRI magazine wants to be timeless. Escapism is everything!

**Money & capitalism** There is no interest other than to pay the printing cost of the magazine.

## Agenda:

Carrot worshipping is all that matters.

## Precursor to USHIRI magazine

It all started as "Bible3000 Psychedelic comicsmagazine" in 1999 when I made my first magazine. It had fifty pages of psychedelic comics and a stolen bicycle reflex in a plastic bag, together with ads from seven shops across Malmö city. It was printed in black and white with three different covers in full colour. I sold one hundred copies in total. Perhaps I'm responsible for accidents, who knows? Now I'm older and... still an oddball.

"Bible3000#2 psychedelic comicss techno-Magazine" following, came with a cd with techno artists from the local scene. After that, I had a heavy depression and felt life was shit. Later on, I started to make bookmarks, boardgames, and a lot of other stuff you can read about in this magazine, in coming issues and on my website. Ushiri.com

## Editorial:

**Responsible carrot:** Vrashk

**Responsible for news/fake news:**

**Responsible for art:** Ushiri

**Layout:** Ushiri

**Proofreaders:** Annyca Hagberg 2-7

Iain Dace 22-25,28-31

Robert Kohn: 1,8-14, John Westlund:15-21

(If there are faults in their editing blame Ushiri)

**Editorial and layout:**Ushiri

**Printing -**

**Distribution:** CarrotTribe & net

**Text:** See each article

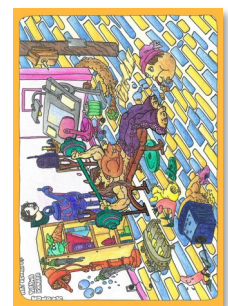
**Art:** Ushiri, if no name written beside

## Agenda:

People who participate in this magazine do not necessarily share the thoughts expressed here at all.

Religiously it's all about having a good carrot in life that wants you to go forward. You will never reach your inner carrot, but you want to try getting it and that's the most important.

Cover/back Art: USHIRI, Colour Back: Yaryna Khmara



The point of views written in this magazine are not to be taken seriously and if you are offended this is purely your own problem.

Contact: ushiri@gmail.com

Instagram: @ushiri\_stenberg

Page: ushiri.com

USHIRI#1, 2020

Facebook: Carrottribe, Ushiri Stenberg





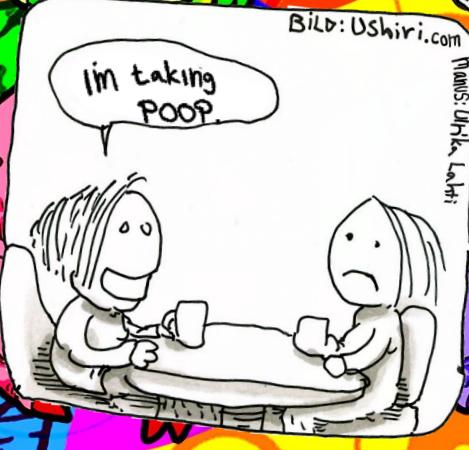
So, my name is Ushiri and I'm a 44 year old, manically drawing surrealist psychedelic artist, who has thousands of ideas, in all directions.

I create everything from boardgames, postcards and matches for kids in seven languages with a manual, to funny stuff with bears with big penises and cute Hitlers.

My father was an alcoholic and my mother got a heavy psychosis when I was nine. From that age until I was fifteen, I lived in eight different places, foster homes, orphanages and all in between and switched between eight different classes.

I always got into fights. I still am an outcast but stopped trying to fit in and just accept my odd personality. I got ADHD and bipolar disorder, but I don't accept medication even if it's a struggle. That's my background.

In this magazine, I hope you will get to know me and enjoy what I've created, as well as partake in interesting articles, written by cool and special people who I brought into my life.





## Interesting cool carrots participating in this issue that I meet over the years:

Henrik Berntsson: Troubadour, singer-songwriter, singer Halmstad, Sweden.  
My mother became friends with my dad's former wife, she had a kid who turned out to be really cool. That kid was Henrik. He wrote the background story to my board-game "Nuke Norway Now" and also composed a soundtrack for it on the same topic. He's also the creator of the "Carrot hymn" that can be read on the backside of this magazine.

Born and raised in Northern Scania, by working class parents, and through his mother he gained a new brother Ushiri. His musical journey started with Manowar in the 90's. He is also an Asatrur and rune reader with Baldr as a guiding star. He works as a temp and will be a certified teacher. Henrik lives in Halmstad with his wife and daughter.



Jenny Svensson: EDM musician, former pro poker player, former sex worker, Malmö, Sweden.  
We met some years ago at a café and discussed stuff and watched an environmental movie together. That's when my mind opened up to the pointlessness of saving the earth.  
Thanks Jenny :D (She does not share this view.)

Contact: svensson\_jm@hotmail.com  
Music: "Jenny Svensson vocals" (at facebook)



Alexander Strinder:  
Journalist, writer Malmö Sweden

We meet at the editorial office for a magazine, and he was the one taking photos at one of my exhibitions.

Contact: Alexstrinder@veckotidningen.se



Nancito Taylory: Digital nomad, musician (Leipzig when printing), Germany. A nomad by nature who has travelled the world with her car since 2017. I meet Nancito and her good friend Juan Pablo when she wrote to me through couch-surfing and asked if they could hang out at my place for a couple of days. I got excellent help from them with my exhibition and they played epic stuff in their underwear a whole morning for me :D

Contact: nancitotaylor@gmail.com

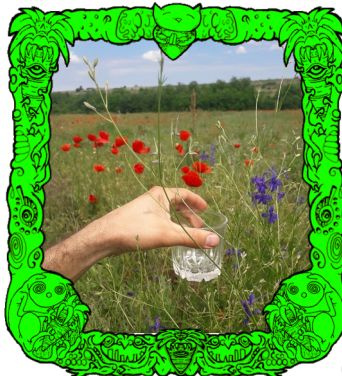


John Westlund: Artist/musician, geek, trans man, Malmö, Sweden.

A romantic with an appreciation for all types of interesting, wacky and nasty art.

We met for the first time when he was four, and my strong memory was when he was together with his mum and me at a café, and he lay down on the floor screaming like a stuck pig and wanted to go home. I never forgot that voice and now we are brothers in arms in a melodic genitalia rockband.

Contact: @hashtag\_spexig on Instagram



Juan Pablo Tupper: Musician, Philosopher, Sophia, Bulgaria (From Chile)

Quite a philosopher and an experimental musician, now he is trapped in a dogshelter cause of the pandemic but I hope to see him soon and learn about his boardgameproject.

Contact: tupperjuanpablo@gmail.com



Yaryna Khmara, PhD student & colourist. From Chernivtsi, Ukraine, based in Lodz, Poland.

I met her in Folkest park Malmö when we both were participating in the scientific conference on degrowth. The thing that stood out is that she was wearing chokers and that's almost only common for teenage girls in Sweden and that intrigued me to start talking to her.

We had wonderful walk around the city and good discussion about all things in life but then something horrible happened, I let this lovely Ukrainian try Swedish candy and she fell madly in love...with candy. She bought more than a kg to bring home.

Contact: y.hmarynka@gmail.com



Madam Haram: Writer, translator, Malmö, Sweden.  
We met at a synth club in Malmö in the nineties at the café "The basement" when I was selling my "Bible3000 Technocomicsmagazine"  
Contact: madamharam@gmail.com



Malena Persson: Photographer, Edinburgh, Scotland.  
We met in school last millennium, and have been good friends ever since.

At the moment all freelance photo work has been temporarily shelved due to UK wide Covid-19 lockdown. Prior to the pandemic I was mainly working with charities and environmental groups. However during the pandemic I have luckily been kept busy creating weekly online arty events for the Scottish Arts Club where I have been the social media coordinator since 2018.

Contact: malenaperrsson.com







Robert Kohn: Poet, comedian, proofreader, Malmö, Sweden. We met... cause he is my neighbour, the funniest person I've met in my whole life, also the most evil. Starring in CoronaBlackmail



NOS: Technohead, musician, backdropartist, treehugger. Malmö, Sweden. World famous for his epic backdrops that has been all over the globe from Japan to Mexico. If you are lucky you can sometimes see a postman hugging a tree with both arms and legs half a meter from the ground in my town. I meet NOS at a technoparty in the nineties somewhere in South Sweden, because he was the only one there also wearing tights with fractals in psychedelic colours by the clothbrand "Spacetribe! Contact: Talk to him



Iain Dace: Creative inventor, proofreader, Communicator & Consigliere at NGBG, Malmö Sweden from Bilston

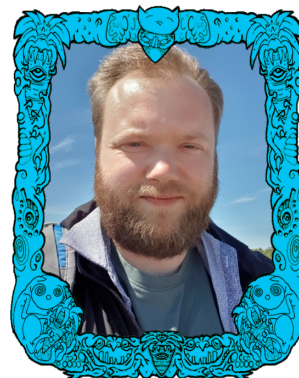
For a long time he was a mysterious legend to me, a networking genius who brings people together to create awesome things and to join forces with in my hometown. The man with the mysterious name, at least in Sweden, is here to proofread! Contact: [hq@ngbg.se](mailto:hq@ngbg.se)

Annyca Hagberg: Creative producer, graphic designer, musician, translator, proofreader, Malmö, Sweden.

We meet in a organisation called "Creativa gemenskapen" and found out that we both share a cynical aspect on life, yet still remain quite positive about it. Also, I love her fantastic voice as a singer which she didn't mention above :)



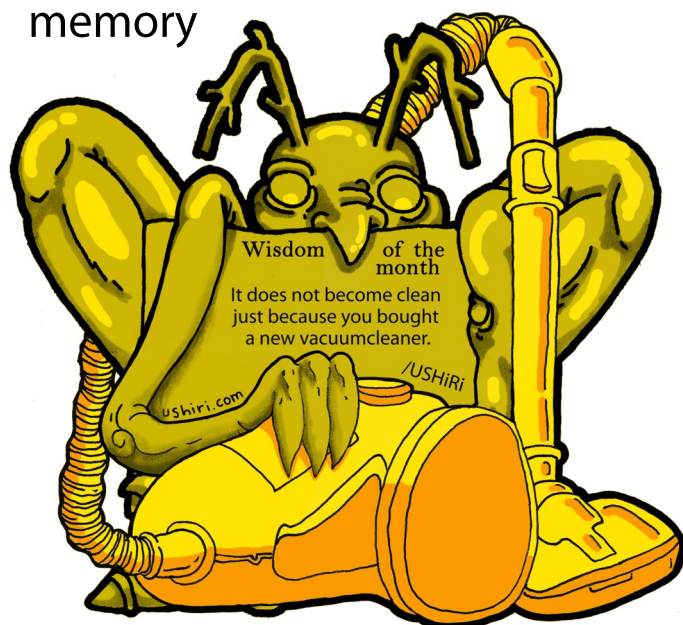
Mia Ackermann: Translator, Switzerland. We met through couchsurfing and we went to the pride parade and played PukeMemory.



Linus Strömdahl: Abstract artist, Malmö, Sweden.

We actually met the first time at a social network place and started our friendship through table-tennis.

## Worst vacuumcleaner memory



This happened in the 80's when we still had landline telephony. It was Sunday and I would, as usual, vacuum my apartment for it to be clean and nice during the week. I put on the vacuum cleaner and it started to hum. I've always wondered why a vacuum cleaner must sound like an airplane engine every time you clean. Therefore, initially I did not hear that the phone rang. I thought it had probably rung a couple of signals already, so I'd have to hurry to answer

before they hung up on the other end. Admittedly, I had an answering machine, but I was curious by nature and wondered who it was, calling on a Sunday afternoon.

Alexander Strinder: *text*

I turned the vacuum cleaner off, put away the vacuum cleaner nozzle and directed myself to go towards the phone. In my eagerness to catch up to the phone, I happened to trip over the vacuum cleaner and fell forward, while I managed to step on my big toe. It hurt immensely and I couldn't stand on my foot. Now I understood that it is the big toe that allows the foot to keep the balance, and if you cannot support the big toe you have to walk on your heel.

I called the hospital and they told me that I'd probably broken my toe. Unfortunately, it is not possible to plaster the big toe, as it must heal itself while walking on the heel. I also couldn't call in sick due to a broken big toe, so I had to hobble to my job in the video store. Sometimes I stumbled on the heel and ended up on the big toe, which hurt immensely. It felt like someone hit the toe with a hammer, with full force. Since that day, I have full respect for the vacuum cleaner and therefore still have an unbroken big toe. Who was calling me on that Sunday? I don't remember.





# Udda musik med Ushiri

Odd music with Ushiri

Three Thursdays a month, at 89,2mhz, 14:00–15:00

My selected odd music, that I broadcast from Fountain House, Malmö, Sweden, on the FM radio. I also add in my own odd ideas on how I feel about it things with my sexy, slow whiskey voice.



QR code for youtube page  
<https://qr.go.page.link/rwzAx>  
 Spotify: Udda musik med Ushiri

**CORONA**

DRINK IT  
 LIKE THERE  
 IS NO  
 TOMORROW!!



20200213



NOS:ART

1		<b>Bang Bang - Tu Meri feat Hrithik Roshan &amp; Katrina Kaif   Vishal Shekhar   HD</b> Zee Music Company	Epic Bollywood music from the movie Bang Bang. The music video is also fantastic.
2		<b>Tommy Lee Sparta - Psycho (Official Music Video)</b> Tommy Lee Sparta	Jamaican gothic dancehall artist.
3		<b>TUNAK TUNAK TUN METAL VERSION   Bloodywood Feat. Bonde do Metaleiro  </b> Bloodywood	Metalmusic with indian influences, awesome!
4		<b>Sagi Abitbul &amp; Guy Haliva - Stanga (Radio Edit)</b> Dimitris Patse	Just listen to it and workout to it at the same time.
5		<b>Knorkator - Komm wieder her</b> Knorkator	Singer usually wears diapers on stage/videos and has a fantastic angelic voice filled with irony.
6		<b>Diamanda Galas Gloomy Sunday</b> rarass	An extremely dark voice, which she treats as an instrument, goosebumps all over.
7		<b>WILLYWATS BROCCOLI HANDS REMIX</b> WilLty WaTs	Broccoli based hiphop at it's best.
8		<b>LITTLE BIG - GO BANANAS (Official Music Video)</b> Little Big	Brainwash music about being a banana man, I listened to it for 8 straight hours (no homophobic intent).
9		<b>Yello - Rubberbandman</b> dante314159	Synth pop/disco from Switzerland with deep male voices.
10		<b>Alchemist Project - Krishna</b> CAMEY RECORDS	Hare krishna techno at its best, if you exclude the band Sri hari.
11		<b>Black Violin - Stereotypes</b> Black Violin	Classical music fused with hiphop, jazz, funk.
12		<b>Club K - Coal Mine</b> ClubKband	The Swedish Malmö based band with their song Coalmine that is all about digging in a coalmine. Also two of my friends, who have their epic dog Cleo based in their apartment and who loves winegums.





Quite often I go into myself completely and suddenly so many things make sense from my inside perspective of the reality I created inside of my head. It happens not so seldom that people make comments or say stuff to me like "Why did you do that", "That's weird", "Sometimes I don't understand you", "Can't you just behave normal". All that is a pile of crap, because "normal" is what the mass of people

has decided, the mainstream flow of how you should act and react. It's smart if you want to have a functioning society, but it also put all of us oddballs on the outside when we can't fit into that mental reality of "correct behaviour". So if you're an oddball, continue to be that and you are not in anyway alone. Remember that all those "normal" people voted for Adolf Hitler in Germany. :D



If you do not drink  
Your coffe, the  
Horseman will  
Cut your face  
To pieces.



If you don't drink your coffee, the horse man will cut your face to pieces. Nobody wants their face cut off, especially not when you can influence the inner factors by slowly beating your head against a wall. The fractures you create makes it so that the horse man likely won't appear. You want to avoid the horse man, do you not? He lives across the street in the entrance over there. Whatever you do, don't peek through your keyhole at 1 o'clock in the night. He will most likely stand there. If he sees a ray of light he will strike and

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John Westlund *translation to English*

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strike until your door is beaten down.

Whatever happens next is anything but good, especially for the neighbours who will hear your shriek in the night. So come on, drink your coffee. Otherwise the horse man will guard your door every night, and the night it's unlocked is the night you lose your face.

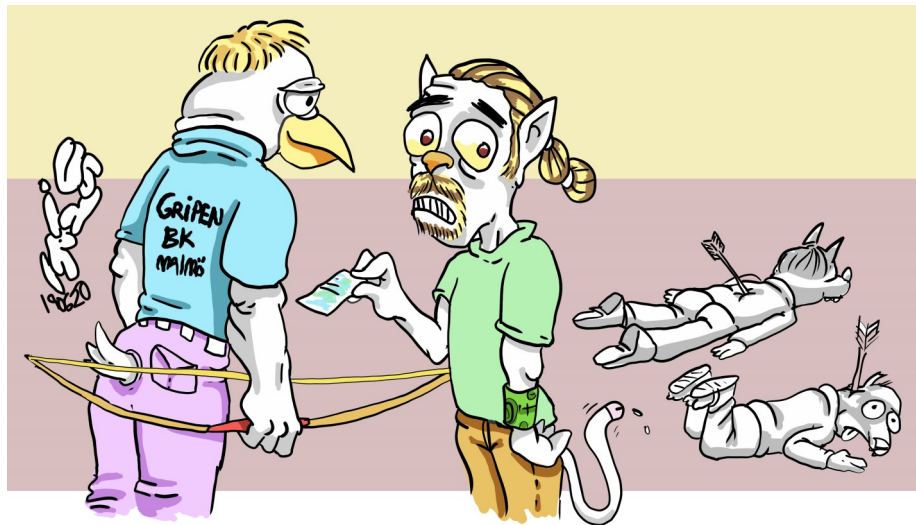
The first stories of the horse man were told in the 17th century and can be found in the diary notes written by the former landowners of Hækkeberga Castle. A heavily built man with a stooped back and a laugh like a neigh was seen near the water mill. That's how the millkeeper told the story in the beginning of the 19th century. Shortly thereafter he hung himself in the barn.

In 1932 the stables were ravaged by fire as two children disappeared from the village. A few days later, a boy said he had seen the children sitting on the stooped back of a man who was playing with them and who sounded like a horse. They were headed for the water mill at nightfall. /Ushiri





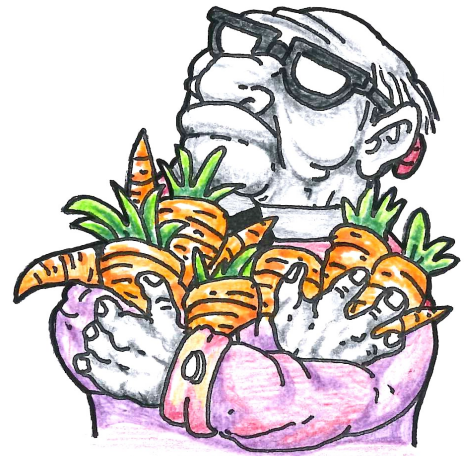
# Aim for new friends with this summer tip: Archery



**Humour part:** When you are paying to use the archery range you do that after you tried it, then I first thought perhaps I should make a run for it afterwards but that was before I saw all the bodies piled up behind me, I then felt that I don't want to be their legal target practice for moving targets :D

**Dear readers:** I must recommend you the strongest to try out archery in your town. In my town Malmö at the club "Gripen" it costs 10 euro (100kr) to try out the first time and after that 5 euro each time (50kr). Imagine yourself to have the role as Skadi herself, the cool goddess in Norse mythology and in a safe setting together with lovely crew take part in this high quality hobby and future zombie-killing skills.

The instructions at this club were easy to understand and three generations of the same family is working there and one of them is a former world champion in archery. Just google it to find your club and go out there and meet new friends (In Swedish it's **träffa** which means "hit" so the pun went out of the window in the translation.)



## The need of ONE carrot....

It's good to have a carrot in life, may it be a beer a day or heroine for the weekend or perhaps to create a family with someone or just enjoy waiting for all those sexy computer/video games. It's good to have something to long and strive for, perhaps heroine is a very bad example hehe. Some people really don't know what an inner carrot means and instead go for quick fixes. Some people have several carrots. What does it mean to have a carrot for you?



## Turtle night

Turtle, oh my turtle  
I love your green skin dear turtle  
You and me are the same  
Perhaps this poem is a bit lame  
But anyway we are both the same



In Sweden you call a dog of mixed breed "Gatukorsning" which actually means crossroad in English. This opens up for a lot of confusion if not regulated in conversation with people outside of Sweden. So to say "Lost in translation"

(Bald dude on rightside is Romert my lovely neigbour)



\* "Nöff" means "Oink" in Swedish and sounds like the word 9 in French which is "neuf"

A cow can also sometime behave like a pig

VENET



# Bandersnatch

## A tribute to rpg's / Eine Lobeshymne über Rollenspiele



On Netflix, the episode Black Mirror: Bandersnatch, is an old classic concept delivered with a new take and in a different media. The idea in itself obviously came way, way earlier. But the first time I ever got in contact with the phenomenon

### Madam Haram translation to English

myself, was when I took my first stumbling steps into light hearted fantasy role playing games and found a pile of books titled "Fighting Fantasy" at the local ICA-market "Sjögrens" in Genarp during the early 80's.

I bought the titles "The forest of the damned" and "The maze of fear". Never before had I seen anything like it. The whole point with the books was that you constantly got to choose different alternatives on how the story would proceed. Different dilemmas of moral, ethics and such, fighting monsters, or not. All which would affect how the story would continue.

For example: There is an old man, sitting and whining on a tree stump. Do you want to; Ask him how he's doing? Go to page 379. Or do you push him down from the stump and run away laughing? Go to page 112.

This fantastic "Bandersnatch" episode of Black Mirror works the same way. It starts out like an ordinary movie, where a boy gets woken by his fatherly father, walks to the kitchen bleary eyed. When in the kitchen, he gets the question; "Do you want Cornflakes or Frosties?" And where the subtitles usually is showing, you will instead see the two alternatives "Frosties" to the left and "Cornflakes" to the right.

You make your choice with the remote control, if using a smart-TV, or by using the mouse, if you're on a computer. This is the beginning of an exciting, ethically experimental thriller where you yourself form the fate of the movie characters.

There is several different endings, and the episode have a runtime that varies between 45-120 minutes, depending on what choices you make. I can't recommend you to watch this enough!

Hopefully this will be a way into traditional board roleplaying games like Dungeons & Dragons or computer/console games like Detroit become human, Baldurs gate and Zork.



Die Netflix Folge 'Bandersnatch' ist eine alte klassische Idee in einem neuen Style und Format umgesetzt. Die Idee existiert schon seit langem aber zum ersten mal begegnete ich ihr in den frühen 80er Jahren, bei meinen erten wackligen Schritten in einem Fantasierollenspiel, als ich im Dorfsupermarkt einen Stapel Bücher mit den Worten 'Fighting Fantasy' auf der

Titelseite sah. Ich kaufte die Titel 'Der verdammte Wald' und 'Das Labyrinth des Schreckens'. Ich hatte nie zuvor etwas

Mia Ackermann translation to German

Vergleichbares gesehen. Die spannende Sache an den Büchern ist, dass man fortwährend aus verschiedenen Optionen aussuchen und seinen Weg im Buch, in dem man allerlei Monster besiegen und verschiedene moralische und ethische Entscheide treffen muss, auswählen kann, die den Verlauf der Geschichte beeinflussen. Zum Beispiel; Ein alter Mann sitzt auf einem Baumstrunk und wimmert: Willst du ihn fragen was los ist? Dann gehe zu Nr. 379. Oder willst du ihn vom Baumstrunk schubsen und lachend davonrennen?

Gehe zu Nr. 112. Mit derselben Hintergrundidee wurde diese fantastische Blackmirror Folge 'Bandersnatch' realisiert. Zu Beginn scheint der Film ganz gewöhnlich. Ein Junge wird von seinem väterlichen Vater geweckt, er kommt verschlafen in die Küche und wird gefragt: 'Möchtest du Frosties oder Cornflakes?' und eine Auswahl taucht, dort wo gewöhnlich die Untertexte stehen, unter dem Bild auf, mit den zwei Alternativen 'Frosties' auf der linken und 'Cornflakes' auf der rechten Seite. Man wählt entweder die rechte oder linke Option, mit der Fernbedienung auf seinem Smart-TV oder der Maus am Laptop.

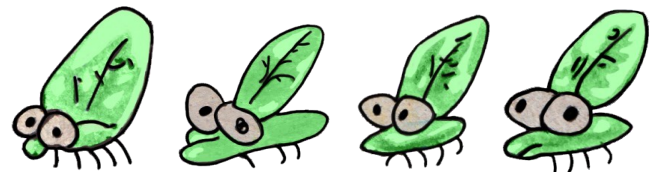
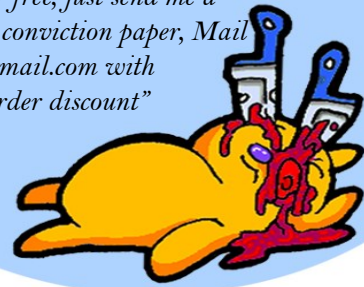
Das ist der Beginn eines wahnsinnig spannenden, experimentellen und moralischen Psychothrillers, in dem man selbst die Zukunft der Filmcharaktere und ihre Bestimmung aussuchen kann. Die Episode hat verschiedene Ausgänge und kann zwischen 45 und 120 min lang sein, ja nachdem wie man sich jeweils entschieden hat. Ich kann nicht genug sagen, wie sehr ich diese Folge jeder und jedem empfehlen kann. Hoffentlich kann es ein Weg in die Welt der klassischen Rollenspiele wie 'Dungeons & Dragons' oder Computer-/Videospiele wie 'Detroit become Human', 'Baldurs Gate' und 'Zork' sein.



Death is clutching his carrot hard In the afterlife, join him today or wait until old age or murder gets you.

## Murder discount?

If you murdered Someone then you get the magazine for free, just send me a copy of your conviction paper, Mail to [ushiri@gmail.com](mailto:ushiri@gmail.com) with subject " Murder discount"



Dictatory memory " First edition " 15euro/150kr  
48 cards with your most famous favorite dictators.  
Finally grandpa and granddaughter can play games on equal terms of fun! Also information about every one of them on a seperate piece of paper.

Write me at [ushiri@gmail.com](mailto:ushiri@gmail.com) or [Ushiri.com](http://Ushiri.com) for more games.

Do you want carrot-stickers to put somewhere, Just write to [@JustACarrot.me](https://www.instagram.com/JustACarrot.me) at instagram and that carrot will send you them if you tag [@JustACarrot.me](https://www.instagram.com/JustACarrot.me) in it. That Carrot is also a proud member of CARROTTRIBE



50 different kind of leafbugs exist. A leafbug's life is 12 months.. Phyllium Sp is commons as a pet.. Female leafbugs can't fly.



# A revolutionary result – researchers found a tissue of a dinosaur



In the last month there was an extraordinary discovery that revolutionized the scientific world and was leading to big controversies between scientists. In Canada they found a fossil with tissue of a Stegosaurus. After rehydrating this material scientists discovered DNA. In an exclusive interview with Dr. Eduard Roosevelt from the Dinosaur

Nancito Taylory : text

Research Institute of Canada I try to answer the question if we need to rethink our idea of evolution of the human being or not.

**Q: Dear Dr. Eduard Roosevelt, thank you very much for having me. What exactly are you working on right now?**

*Since humans discovered the first skeleton of dinosaur (1677), they always tried to draw conclusions about the past and how long the dinosaurs have lived and what kind of they have been. Overall they only had some bones and the most difficulty was to solve all without having the key puzzle, the DNA. Now we found a piece of a real tissue. We dehydrated it and in the experiments we saw, that we had indeed proved that there are real cells. In analysis we extracted the DNA and now we try to solve and read it.*

**Q: This is amazing news, since humans never expected that this would be possible.**

*Indeed many of my colleagues don't believe me and blame me of manipulating the material to just get recognition in the publicity. Yes, it is a hard time, because when history needs to be rewritten, there will always be opponents. Then you need to be brave and just follow your path. For me the truth is more important and for this I will fight until the end.*

**Q: What do you mean by "the history needs to be rewritten"?**

We have some indices that we can assume, that the DNA of

the humans is much more connected with the dinosaurs than we thought it was. In Africa (Afar Desert Ethiopia) Paläoanthropologists discovered a skeleton of a Hominid, that was 4.4 Mio years old.

This skeleton had some rest of rudiment wings at the back of the human. Now by analyzing the DNA we figured out that there are much more similarities between humans and dinosaurs than we thought.

**Q: You mean, there could be the possibility that someone has ancestors of a Triceraptos or a Argentinosaurus or maybe also Tyrannosaurus?**

To answer this question I need to strike out a bit more. As we can assume so far the dinosaur were living 230 Millions years ago. From this time to the first human we have a long evolution and it seems possible that the dinosaur didn't die all in a whole disaster as the historians always supposed. The crocodile and the birds for example are already the proof, that some of the dinosaurs survived and just needed to be adopt themselves to the environment and to the circumstances.

We need to start thinking more objective again and widen our world view and also the idea of our evolution. Because it seems, by all we figured out so far, that the DNA of the humans has similarities with dinosaur and therefore we are more connected (in the evolutionary sense) with birds than with chimpanzees!

**Q: Ok, so if we assume we have ancestors of dinosaurs, what could be an indice nowadays of our body or our character to prove this?**

This is a really good question. As we know so far humans try not to accept something that is out of the range or appearance of the "normal" body. So we mock each other and declare some so called "abnormalities" as illnesses and treating them or even do surgery for taking them away.



For example there is some evidence that there are some humans that have sheds on the back. They hide it and they don't try to show it. They go anonymously taking masks over their heads (sometimes they just use socks) and go to the doctor to take these sheds away.

It is very sad, because this is actually one example of maybe a kind of superpower we haven't acknowledged yet.

There are also some smaller unimpressive indices, for example like the following: Humans who have similarities in DNA with the Brontosaurus tend to eat more vegetarian food moreover they also can be taller than the average.

The ADS Syndrom can be also an indice of our ancestors the dinosaur and we should not treat it like an illness, rather than like it was in ancient times before: being able of react very fast to stimulants around us and finding nourishment very easy.

Last but not least there are some humans who have still some part of the wings in the bones of the back. They tend to have more back pain than other humans and since we still treat only symptoms we haven't gone deeper in researching on that, but we did some X-rays and there are tiny leftovers of the rudiment wings.

The list can be continued endless. Yet we can not be sure about all this and science always is on path of research but even think that characters in humans could be similar to characters of dinosaurs. So far even we cannot be sure if characters can be defined by the DNA but we can assume that to some degree there is an influence.

**Q: What do you wish for the humans and what do you hope will happen in the future?**

I hope that science will acknowledge this results as a big step in the human development. When we find a way to acknowledge that we have ancestors wide before 5 Million years ago, we can understand that everything is interconnected and maybe we could live more awoken than we do so far. We could live our advantages and disadvantages better and even recognize them. Life could be easier and we could maybe also understand better our instinct in the innerself: that is not only an animal instinct, but also an instinct from our ancestors 500 Million years ago!

**\*How was your reaction to this article? Did you believe it? Then you need to shake yourself to wake up, because you got brainwashed! This article is meant to open your mind for reflecting on all the fake news that surround us in these days. Moreover it is questioning our society with the square minded ideas of what is normal and not. The intention is to make you reflect about what we consider as true, because the history and science as we know is a product of human mindset.**

**-NURON-  
-SAYS-**



CARROTTRiBE related coffemugs, clothes and phonecases can be found at my REDBUBBLE shop, check



Greetings to :  
NOS,Sekas,Ursa,  
Dj Viking,Delin,  
Nimboit,Constein  
Finn of Tomland  
Ed, Clone



# So why all the carrots everywhere and what is CARROTTRiBE ?



It all started with this painting in 2005, I didn't really like it at first. Then when it was there on my wall, it felt like it spoke to me and I redrew it like this. So I started doing stickers with it and took with me when I was out at technoparties. And people loved to wear it, here is the awesome DJ Kubik to the left with a special face for unknown reason.



A CARROTTRiBE got erected and our group at facebook had 200 members at one time and me as the carrot-prophet. I felt the world needed Carrot earwear and necklaces.

My friend Henrik wrote a hymn to the Carrot, it can be read on the backside of this magazine..in German?..

Then I a friend got so hooked on my idea that she made this pearler bead carrot for me.

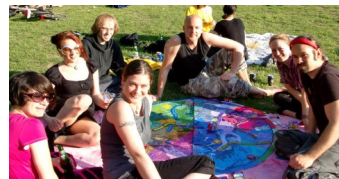
**The essence of Carrottribe** is to have a carrot in life, to have something that you want to strive for. Like the donkey in front of the wagon, it doesn't reach the carrot directly but it knows it will get it later on if it just continues on. To stay happy and enjoy life because we will eventually reach our destination but we will always want to go further ahead. This is what it means to be alive. To be here and now and not dwell in the past or be in the future. Because it's now when you are reading these lines you are connected with this. Like the mix with FatboySlim with samples with Greta Thunberg where she says "Right here Right now!". You can make a change NOW.

In 2007 I went to a technoparty in Malmö at Norra Grängesbergsgatan and brought with me my homemade carrotcola which was extremely drippy and it was all over the dancefloor, kind of epic psychedelic.

Laminated was not a good thing but I kept it for 6 months and it was like watching a friend dying and transform into something new.

Then the first CARROTTRiBE t-shirt emerged here featuring a good carrotian from times past.

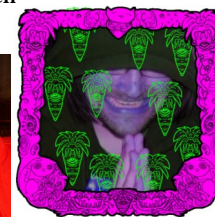
I then got totally carrot and made necklaces and notebooks and a Carrot-pose was invented by CarinaCarrot and high-quality t-shirts got made and used. Carrottribe got even bigger.



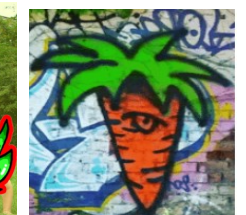
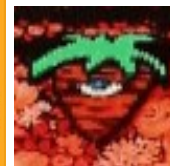
Magnets/Incences



Carrottribe In Pildammsparken Malmö



Then CarrotBuffy (left side) and I went to Lincon to pro-mote my psychedelic boardgame Galactic worms where you should find the Eternal carrotgods and eat praying-catplanets.



Wanna be a Carrottribe support-member pay 200kr/20euro to support and I send you "Matches of death" and "Matches for kids" :D + membercard, write too: ushiri@gmail.com

carrot, Morkov, Porkkana, Karotte, Morot, Zanahoria, गाजर, karotë, Cenoura, Wortel,



# God wants you to make love to him.

She-he, God-Goddess, as consciousness itself, has not only waited since time immemorial to have a body capable of experiencing pleasure, a body through which he-she can incarnate the supreme orgasm of creation. In this aeon-long wait, she-he waited to have a mind that can make love to her, to him. Isn't it what art actually is, the human mind, this small parcel of the divine mind, making love to God himself when being creative? It is copulation of cosmic forces, the yin penetrated by the yang, and yes indeed, the yang, in what it has of yin, being penetrated by what of yang there is in the yin. A yang ectoplasm ejaculation fertilising the yin ectoplasm, both part on one universal mind, we call "God". It is also an epic masturbation.

The divine masturbation of God, through our minds having sex with his own self, which is not he nor she, and also is he and she at the same time. How have we ended up denying God theirself the pleasure they conceived as the ultimate earthly gift to us? We have moralised sex. We have

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Juan Pablo Tupper Text:

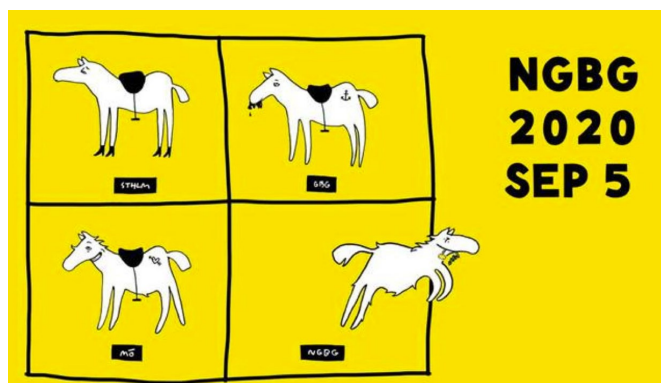
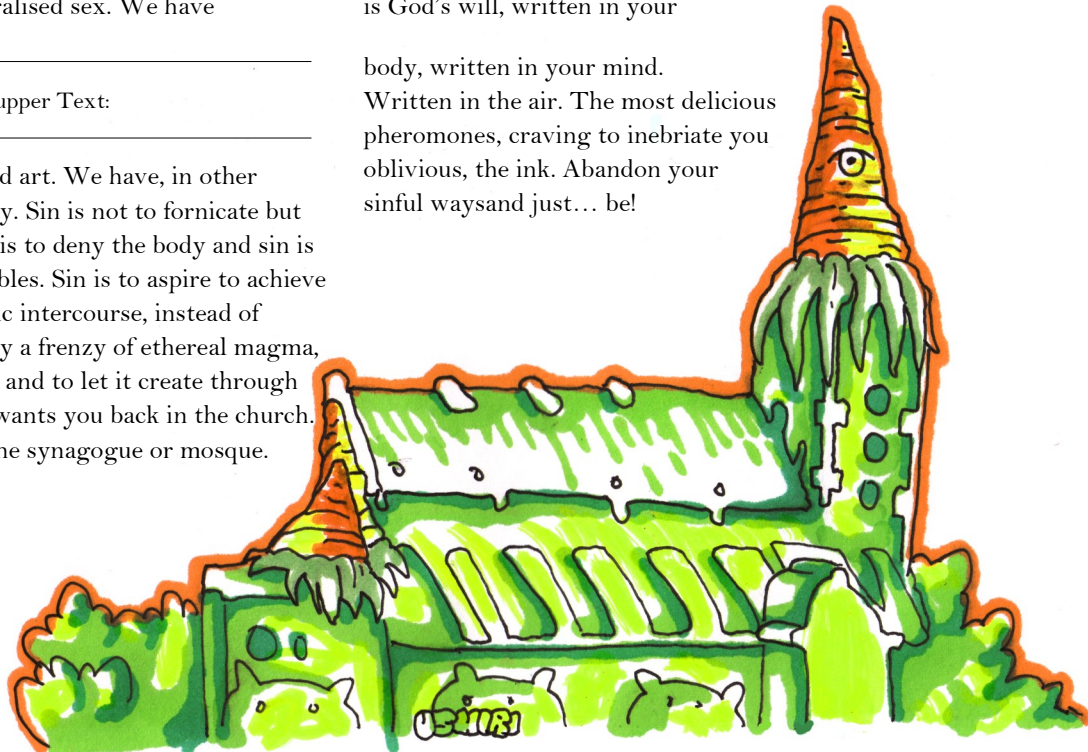
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commercialised and standardised art. We have, in other words, repressed God's sexuality. Sin is not to fornicate but to abstain from fornication. Sin is to deny the body and sin is to desecrate the quill writing bibles. Sin is to aspire to achieve fame and to mechanise the magic intercourse, instead of letting ourselves be possessed by a frenzy of ethereal magma, flowing explosively through us, and to let it create through us what we fear to create. God wants you back in the church. Not the Catholic or orthodox, the synagogue or mosque.

Not the ashram or the crack-pothippy-guru's sect. God, the ultimate she, the ultimate he, wants to hear the temples erected in his name trembling and vibrating with the moaning of creation. He wants an immoral soma to replace the wine. A soma equally forbidden replaces the bread. Isn't the wine in any case the fruition of the fornication of the grapevine? And the bread that of the wheat? Claim back those gorgeous architectural works of art, built by unaware libertines like you, away from the claws of "institutions" and bring them to the life they deserve.

Turn them into the bridal bed where an endless orgy honours God's sinless debauchery. Turn the physical church into the archetypal church, that one hidden in the depths of your soul. Open the portal to the womb of the collective unconscious where nothing is sin and all is permitted. Be fornication, be art. Be art, be philosophy... be what you will to be, but be! Return to the temple, I command thee! Undress! Copulate! It is God's will, written in your

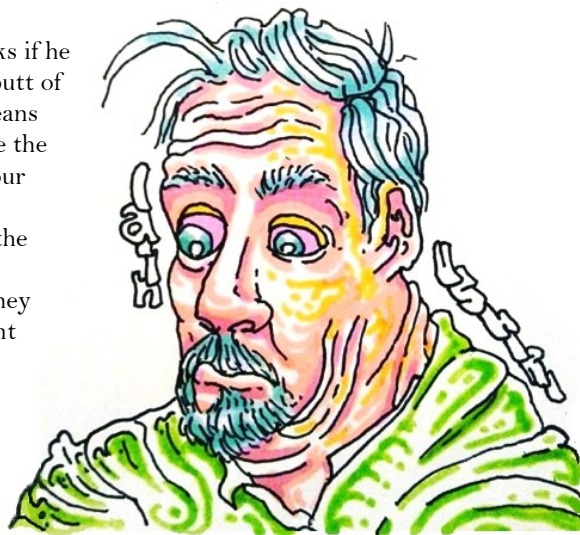
body, written in your mind.  
Written in the air. The most delicious pheromones, craving to inebriate you oblivious, the ink. Abandon your sinful ways and just... be!



So what is NGBG festival?: A hyper local cultural society that tries to preserve and unite the neighbourhood by involving everyone in culture production in Malmö Sweden. [ngbg.se](http://ngbg.se)

"in fact if an englishman asks if he can "bum the butt of your fag" it means they would like the last drag on your cigarette"  
Do not to use the phrase around americans as they speak a different language  
/ Iian Dace

Chairman of:  
NGBGfestival  
in Malmö  
Sweden





# FOR SALE



“Quick and  
easy work,  
for roof over  
her head just one  
more night.”

She woke up and looked around the room with a confused mind before she realized what day it was and where she was. A new day, where the first thought always was the same: where am I going to be able to sell myself today and to whom? The mirror was the first thing that met her face as she rose from the bed. She scrutinized herself. How did I end up here, was her thought while she watched her tired eyes.

She knew the reasons, but it was still hard to understand. She had lost all hope for a better life. A problem for everyone to solve, where her own family took turns taking her in with

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Jenny Svensson text

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almost forced hands. Eventually she decided to take matters into her own hands and provided for a roof over her head the only way that was possible after society let her down. Prostitution. The word had a false ring to it, like a broken string in an orchestra. This could not be her, that woman in the mirror who had sunk so low that she laid crawling at the bottom stairs of life. She always tried to convince herself that this was just a job that needed doing and no harm will be done, where every minute of sweat was work expected of her, paid with important but dirty money.

Today was a new day. She started to check if she had any messages from her regular customers. Regulars was an easy income. A control in what would happen, since she knew who would come and what was expected of her. A quick and easy job to get that roof over her head yet another day. Maybe today was the day when she had the energy to accept two

customers, because if that was a possibility then maybe tomorrow she could have a day off. Two days of work in one. Truth be told, most of the times the energy she possessed ran out after the first man and then the rest of the day was an exhale. She knew that this work could make her rich, the mathematics were easy. Two thousand euros per hour, and if she had the energy for two customers per day, five times a week, she was up to twenty thousand a week. Per month that would be eighty, more than she would make on a “normal job” in four months.

Because the access to men was like an endless river of black water. She was an attractive woman and many were willing to pay a lot to play with her sexy, white body. Earlier in life she let men take her sexually just to try get some kind of satisfaction out of it, or just a confirmation that she was alive, now the only difference was that she charged for it. So now she gets paid for it with money, which was not what she really wanted. What she really wanted was to be loved for who she really was, not just a body. But at least she had a roof over her head now, and with it came a sense of control. She got a hold of a man that was willing to come at 16.00. She would have preferred someone to come before lunch because then the job for the day was done and she could start to breathe, but the waiting game was always very anxious. Would he arrive on time, or even at all, a constant risk of getting kicked out on the street with nowhere to sleep that night. If she got it done early, she had no more pressure, no more anxiety. At least for a few hours. “130 euros, ok. You do a blowjob without a condom, right?”



Always the same questions. She never understood how married men could take the risk of having sex with a prostituted woman unprotected, no respect for the family at home. But she had no energy to think too much of it, the guilt and shame was already too hard to handle. The advantage of a married man was that they always could meet during the day, and since the marriage existed they needed discretion, so the risk of getting stalked or hurt was less. They wanted what they paid for, then disappeared out of her life. She thought about her own children. Four beautiful kids that all lived with their father. What if they knew what she was doing? The shame, the guilt, push it down. Every time she was going to meet them she always had to work extra hard the week before because she didn't have a place to live so they had to stay at a hotel for the weekend and the family rooms were more expensive. But it was always worth it, the kids were after all her most precious things in life. She decided to just wait for the guy who was supposed to come at 15.00 since she managed to make him come a bit earlier.

Time passed so slowly and during the time she waited she got requests from other men to meet, but she was already beat. She just lay on the bed and thought about how to solve this confusing life she managed to end up in for almost six months now. Some nights she went out to clubs and drowned herself in alcohol and immensely enjoyed the looks from greedy men who all wanted a piece of her curvy body. The story was always the same, she kept letting herself get used by one or more men on the same night. She never wore protection, she never cared. Maybe this was her own sort of punishment, or even a reward for what she was doing during the day. A sort of self-harming behaviour she wasn't aware of at the time. As in giving it away for free in the evening somehow gave her satisfaction for the day's work. But she did not know.

She was a broken soul waiting for something better. She knew hope was dangerous. It always lured like a mirage in the desert, then it disappeared once you thought you reached a solution and ended up at the same hopeless place. To be thrown around in this daily emotional chaos had become a routine to the point where she eventually became numb and her insides turned cold and heartless. Time passed, it was now three o'clock and there was a knock on the door. Ok, time to put on that mask where the gorgeous smile and body looked inviting. Remove all your senses. She hated the smell of unwashed cock and the taste of the kisses from old desperate men. Ok, she was ready, always hesitating until that very second of opening the door. She really didn't want to, but she knew she had to. Or she would have to leave. Only one more night, only one more day. Then she opened the door, smiled and wished him welcome.

CARROTART TO THE RIGHT: LINUS STROMDAHL



Eating you is crunchy. My love for you is soft.  
The ringing in my ears is loud. You are my best  
ambrosia and my best vice, sometimes I wish I  
could snack on you, twice. But the main bunny in  
charge at the carrot factory says "There just simply  
isn't enough mass market appeal to keep  
production up to justify the costs, so we need you to  
kill all the carrots." Immediately, I wept. Then we  
made our escape! -Everything I desired  
and feared, you, sweet carrot, are it.

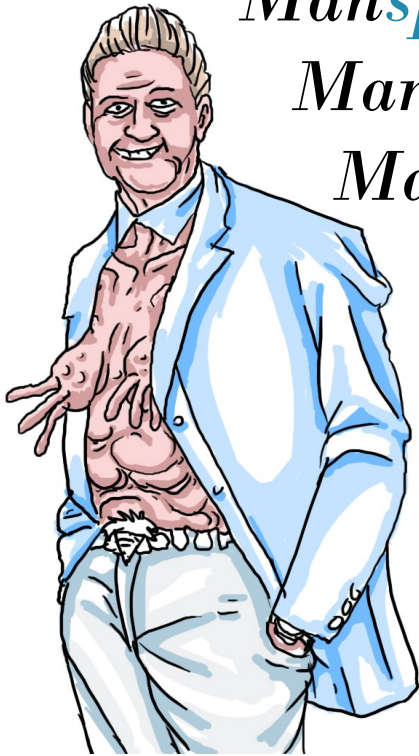
You are everything.

- / Robert Kohn





# Mansplaining Manspening Manteiting



Take your medication without explanation and feel like you are on vacation and hope your life does not get lost in translation



**Take your medication!**

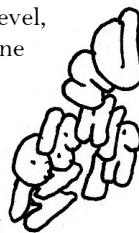
Perhaps we men could have been overall better fathers if we were born with teats instead of meaningless nipples. Then we could be a part of our children's early time in life and actually be a part of the bubble which the woman and child enter into. That bubble can be so hard to be a part of since you are not a part of the food mechanism yourself. It's just a very interesting idea. Hopefully in a modern future with new genetical science in a totalitarian state men can have this surgery.

If a future exists where we still eat meat because we still want to develop cancer in our bodies, we can hopefully also take these teats from all those dead cows and use them in a productive way to enhance men's capabilities of being better mothers, namely something we could call "fathers" which would be a mixture of fathers and mothers.

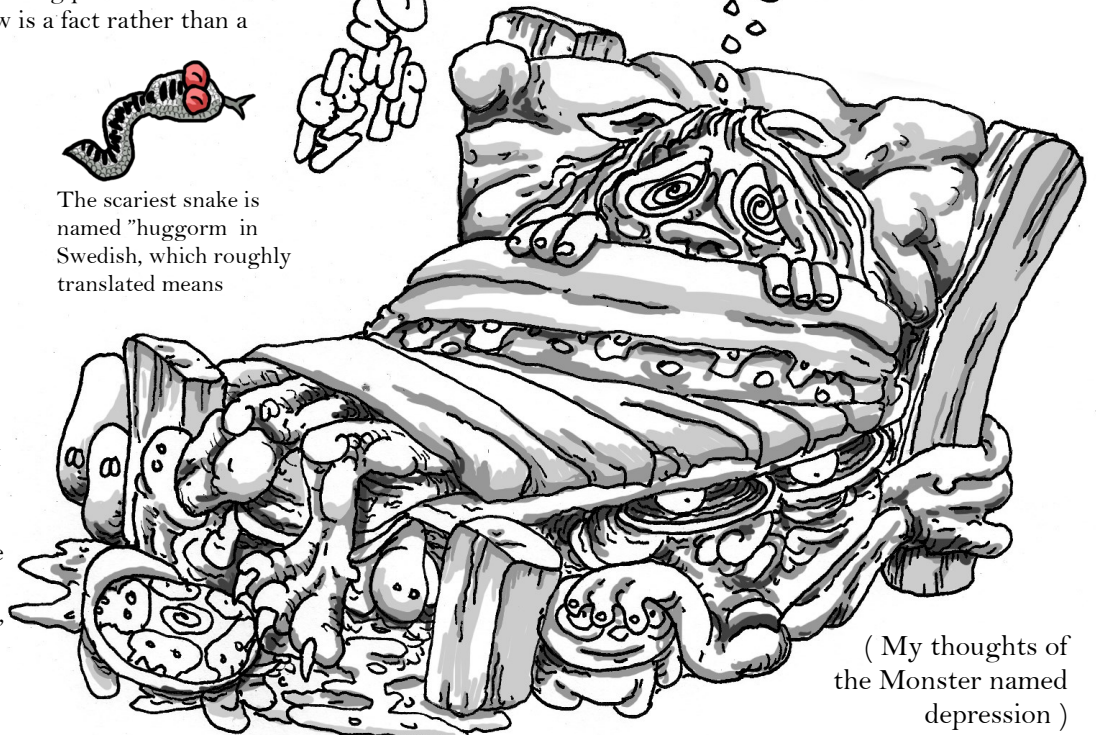
The time has come to raise this question on a scientific level, at least in the US where the cloning process and other fine achievements of humanity now is a fact rather than a fantasy. What do you say?



The scariest snake is named "huggorm" in Swedish, which roughly translated means



Some days you are not only afraid of the Monster under the bed but also the Monster inside the bed.



( My thoughts of the Monster named depression )

The first time nosedogs appeared in my dreams was in 2004. Now I think of them quite often. I also think of their behaviour against their masters, the elephant people that enslaved them... or are they really enslaved? In this magazine, nosedogs will be frequently seen both in novels and comics as well as illustrations.



# Smoking is healthy: pt. 1

A recent study conducted by the University of Escapism indicates that, yes, it is indeed possible to ascend through smoking. I went to interview the university's own Professor Downearth for more details.

Walking through the halls of the university, I feel the urge to question the tall gentleman once more:

– Is it true what you claim? Can you really ascend through smoking?

He simply smiles. He walks, I follow. As we walk, the walls start to cave in around us. Space crumbles, I follow. The professor saunters along the now non-existent floor

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John Westlund *text*

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nonchalantly. Dancing along to his own heartbeat in the thin air seems to be second nature to him. As soon as I manage to pry my eyes away from his feet long enough to start worrying about my own safety, he pulls me along with him by my wrist, saving me from falling into the lifeless abyss below. He walks, I follow. For a moment, or perhaps a million, I seem to lose my grip on the concept of time. When it finally, or perhaps immediately, returns to me, we are standing in front of a metallic door labelled "Air".

Professor Downearth's calm expression remains even as he opens the door and says:

– Meet the Airheads.

The room inside is dark and foggy but I can see them clearly. Twenty-seven or so grotesque beings sitting huddled up on the floor. About half of them each hold a lit cigarette in their hand. These beings look human enough for me to not feel frightened, yet strange enough for me to become concerned. The shapes of their bodies I immediately recognize as my own.

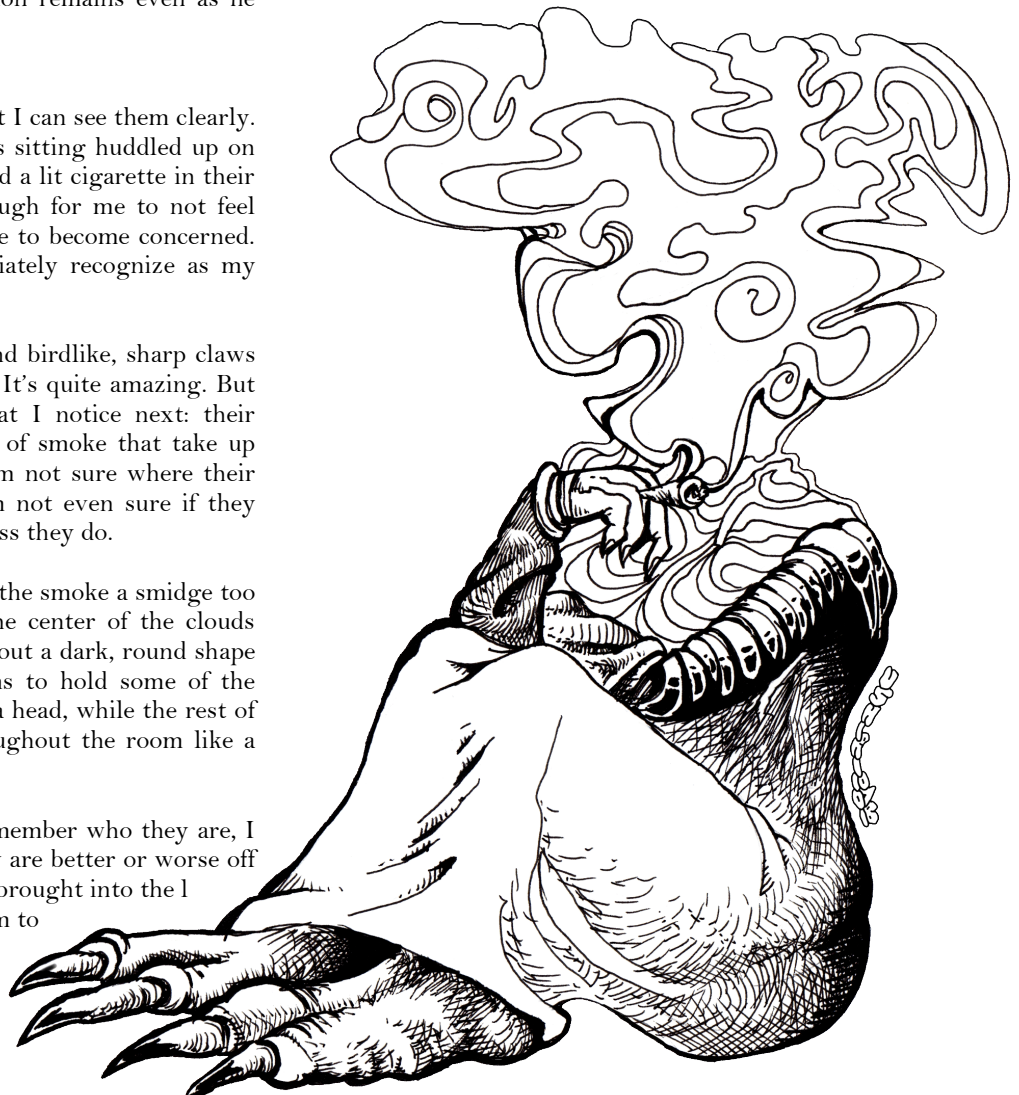
Their feet, however, are enormous and birdlike, sharp claws sticking out of coarse yellowish toes. It's quite amazing. But the truly most amazing part is what I notice next: their heads. Or, the thick, swirling clouds of smoke that take up the space where a head should be. I'm not sure where their bodies end and the clouds begin. I'm not even sure if they really have heads, though I would guess they do.

The lighting is a smidge too dim and the smoke a smidge too thick for me to confirm it, but in the center of the clouds above their torsos I can almost make out a dark, round shape that appears to be the core. It seems to hold some of the smoke together to form the shape of a head, while the rest of the smoke ascends and spreads throughout the room like a fleeting dream.

Whether or not the Airheads still remember who they are, I don't know. Neither do I know if they are better or worse off now than they were before they were brought into the laboratory. All I know is that they seem to have peace of mind. They seem to be part of a community, their heads evaporating and connecting in the ceiling like a smoky hivemind.



When I'm asleep  
I dream of using a brush  
I dream of having hair  
Beautiful, blonde, curly hair that the girls would put their  
fingers through.  
I dream of looking in the mirror, seeing the younger me,  
without glasses,  
brushing my curly hair.  
I break down,  
I fall apart  
I miss my hair...  
I miss my brush...  
I miss my youth...  
Oh, eternity, come and take me  
/ Henrik Berntsson







Not long ago one of my friends friend wanted to discuss the topic "penises" with me at a party.



It became quite boring and not a very interesting "conversation".



Some days later this facebookfriend started to send me penisrelated artwork and "funny pictures" to me.



Sure I make penisrelated artwork and drawings and such, but I have no interest at all that people I really dont know send me stuff with this particular topic over and over.



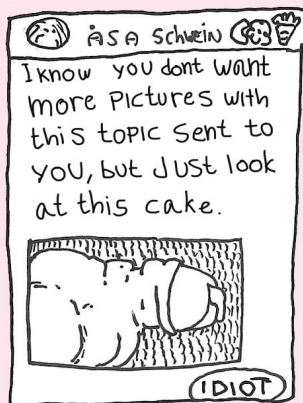
As much as the stereotype "A mother with a newborn child should behave better".



The same goes for the stereotype that all men always want to have sex with women even if they are not even remotely attracted and love to look at vagina pictures.



I asked her to stop posting me since I found it offending, she did so.... for a while.



One week later she wrote that she just have to send me one more and did so. I answered very short and blocked her. Then she wrote me at instagram "Did you get a litte bit angry now" using Master supression techniques.



If a man would send a picture with the same theme to a women it would be considered classic harassment even if nobody in particular would care so much these days. But regardless it's not very fun for man either if you clearly said no that you are not interested and still push it.



Harassment is harassment regardless of gender either way and is not fun to be a part of.





# Tall women perspective from two generations.

In school I was taller than all of my schoolmates. Today I'm 1,79 m tall and 34 years old. My grandmother is 1,89 m tall and 83 years old. In our family it is normal to be taller than average. When I was a teenager my grandmother was afraid that I will become tall like her and she was thinking about analyzing my wrist bone for doing hormone therapy. Luckily she discarded this

Nancito Taylory : text

idea very fast because she was worrying about the consequences. She wanted to prevent me from her experiences she had in her life, because when she was a teenager or woman she was way taller than the average and needed to handle mocking and bad commentaries everyday. My grandmother was growing up in the time after the war and in the GDR. People were calling her tall as a beanstalk (in German: Bohnenstange), "How is the air at this height?" (Wie ist die Luft da oben?) or "You will never find a man!".

When she was a teenager it was very difficult for her to handle this, even though she was accepted in her family and size never was an issue: except when it came to clothes! Clothes in this size, in this time, for a woman? Impossible! Her mother was sewing all her clothes for her and my grandmother needed to wear men's shoes. In the 60s and 70s she had her own tailor and only then was she wearing a perfectly sewed outfit. There was also a shoemaker who was making perfect shoes for her. At the time she was living in Berlin and looked like a model – only that she was taller than the average model (maximum size 1,80 m)! When I was a teenager I was taller than my classmates but I haven't had many problems.

One problem was that I was out of the range of interest of most of the boys. Therefore I was a late bloomer. Also I felt more manly and sometimes in life I thought I needed to carry many things and help others because even my friends considered me to be stronger and unbudgeable. What they considered me I became after a while. For example, because of this I carried a camera all the way up to the top of the mountain for filming a base jumper. I'm also playing e-guitar, which was rare among the girls. Moreover I was playing in a metal band. (But I don't believe this was only

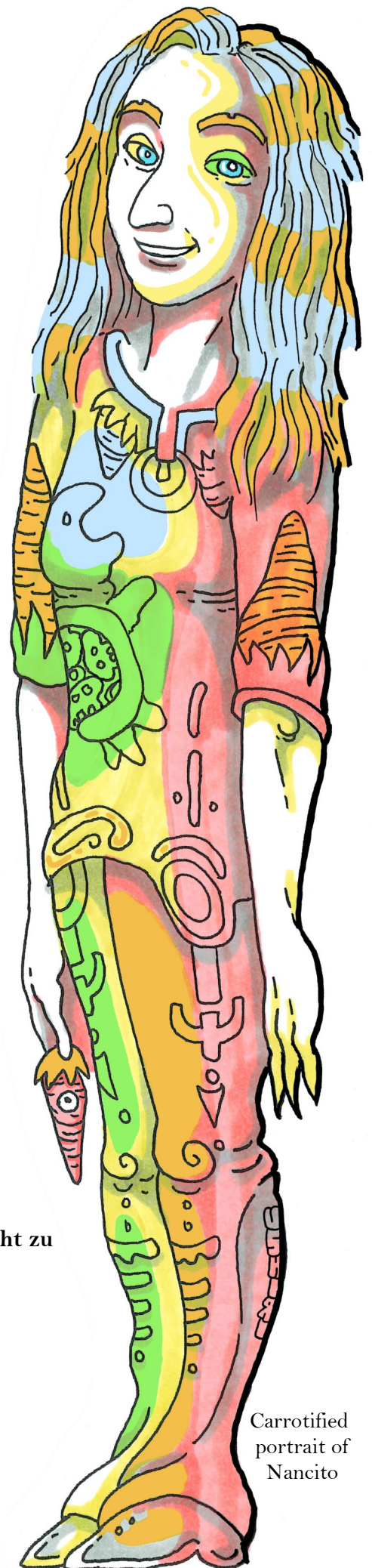
because of my size ;) Today we don't have tailors anymore, because the handcraft was destroyed by the industry. The industry only produces clothes for the average because they want to sell as much as possible.

Hence when I try to find trousers it is difficult. Mostly in my life they were too short. My grandmother can not find anything in Zara, H&M or whatever. She needs to order her shoes and clothes online (yes, she has a tablet!) or needs to go to Berlin, because the only shop for big-sized clothes is there. Also for me, shoes are difficult to find, even in the size of 42/43 – my grandmother needs shoes in the size 45.

Are there any pros of being tall? Yes, you receive an immediate presence when you enter a room (sometimes it is also tiring, because you cannot really hide). Clothes look elegant on tall woman and therefore if you don't dress well, this will be more obvious than on a small lady. That's why: Tall woman, stand up for yourself! Walk straight and confident! That looks great! Tall women have long legs, which men like. Normally the mocking comes from women who envy your size. My boyfriend was observing how women were looking at me when we were walking through the streets. He said that all the other ladies admire to be thin and tall.

**Tall ladies, be confident about your size!**

**Große Frauen, steht zu eurer Größe!**



Carrotified portrait of Nancito



# Vikings, not only hard men.



The Vikings. The role models of today's manly men. With big beards and awesome tattoos. But is this picture a fair assessment of the Northmen? Were they

Henrik Berntsson text

all death cap eating berserkers, or did there exist some sensitive and thinking Northmen?

Imagine a viking walking a dusty road by the river Dnepr. He is on his way to meet his kin in Kiev. But his thoughts are not of gold or power, not even a command of his own on a longship, with a contingent of fine fighters with shields and axes. He is longing for home.

His thoughts take flight, like Odins ravens, Hugin and Munin, and the thought flies across sea and land, to finally graze the treetops by his farm. It is an ordinary day; His wife Sigríð feeds the chickens and the pigs. The children, Ale and Tuva plays in the yard and helps their mother half heartedly. It's funnier chasing the chickens rather than feeding them. His old mother sits on the bench in the shadow of the house wall, and inside there's a homely fire in the fireplace.

His mind wanders on and he lands in the arms of his wife. He touches her perfect breasts, caresses her beautiful face and they meet in ecstasy as he enters her. And then, darkness.

His eyes are wide open to his inner being and he finds himself travelling upwards among the branches of the world tree Yggdrasil, and suddenly he is one with the world. He sees everything. The mighty and powerful Asgard, the mighty eagle and beyond that the stars and the might of Nifelheim and Muspelheim. He is one with the universe.

He is falling. He falls through all the worlds of the powerful axis mundi, the mighty Yggdrasil, straight back to Midgard.

He is back in his own body. He turns and leaves his made up path. He boards a ship destined for the North. He is going home, away from the testosterone and the raw manly atmosphere, back to the ones that he love. He is done with fighting. He just wants to be with those that is nearest to him in his heart. A new thought takes hold. He's a poet, a bard, and he is going tell about his inner journey, about gods, men and Magic. He is a tender soul on his way home, free from the masculine fellowships of the warrior caste. And he is confident in his choice



## Matches for kids!

Matches for kids is an ongoing art project since 2007 and is to be taken seriously to encourage thinking about our core values.

Manual included with ideas of what to burn and with an easy counting system. On the backside it says " My first matches that belong too: (write your name ) That I got: (write the Date). Ages 3+ since motor skills below are not valid for the use of matches.

All matches for kids are numbered personally by Ushiri. Available in: Swedish, Russian, Bulgarian, Icelandic, Finnish, Mandarin, English, Austrian Buy them at [USHIRI.COM](http://USHIRI.COM)

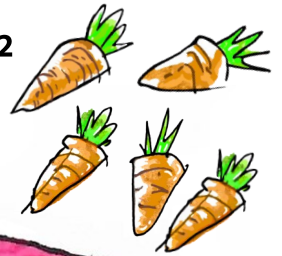




# Flatout awesome!

## Finnish cargames part 1

Gamereview: Flatout 2  
carrotScore: 5/5



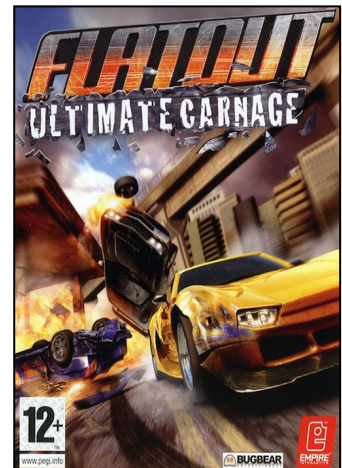
When you are talking about cars in you usually hear about different things like engine power and how many miles it has driven and if the AC system is good and about bla bla bla and about the catalysing power of the riddlefiltering possibilities in the blobbpipelines and the thermal dippis in can do in 15 meg-swoosh.

I cant fathom how all that crap can be of any direct interest more than it's cool to use one when you want to travel somewhere. If I want to have fun in cars then I play computer games where I can crash cars.

In the Finnish developed Flatout 2 which is an extremely good racing game on filthy roads all over the planet and industrial areas where more than 6000 objects fly all over the road when you driver around and you an crash into planks and all sort of rubble like bus stops and drive through windows in

small restaurants and destroy all furniture just because you wanted to take a shortcut. All of this with epic grunge music slamming in the background with songs like "I'm feeling dead inside" with a most broken male voice that has been drinking too much vodka and sand. Most of the cars are also extremely crappy, sexy and rusty mixed together.

But if you prefer more cool looking sports cars those are also available. My point is; how can you be so anal about the inside of a car, of course because you have a deep interest in it, Personally I always thought it was a sort of weak penis enlarger thing. I guess it's the same if you are an outsider to some sort of music and just go "Oh I hate hard rock" when it actually is Terrorcore (which is a niche genré in techno) that you hear. One person asked me one time what kind of car I would like to buy, I answered - "A yellow car" ☺.



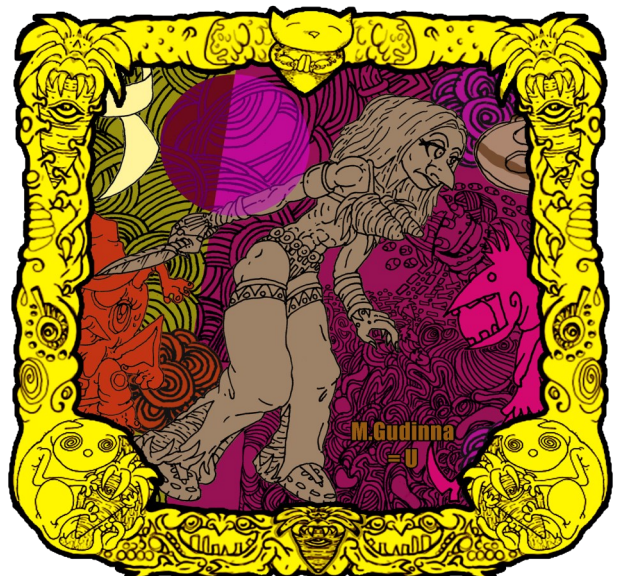
Thanks Mimpo for showing me this game :D

I give it 5 of 5 carrots, Available for: PC, Xbox360,Xbox,PSP,PS2

## "How my stalker made me relax"

A year ago I got my first stalker, now they have piled up to 4. But at the time it was quite stressful and this person started to call me very often, night and day alike, perhaps it was because I never answered :) Then a tried to think positive about it instead and see if I could do something smart with it, and I did. So after that I actually started to you have my phone on silenced instead .

So I started to feel more relaxed overall, because before I had all sorts of weird sounds beeping and humming. This very intrusive person was a good thing and texts and mail doesn't bother me anymore. He afterwards tried to add me on facebook but there you can at least block a person which you can't if it's a caller from an unknown number. Now I've gotten more stalkers but it doesn't bother me so much....I think :D Nowadays I look at my phone and regard it, as a bad parent would a small irritating child that always wants attention, I ignore it.



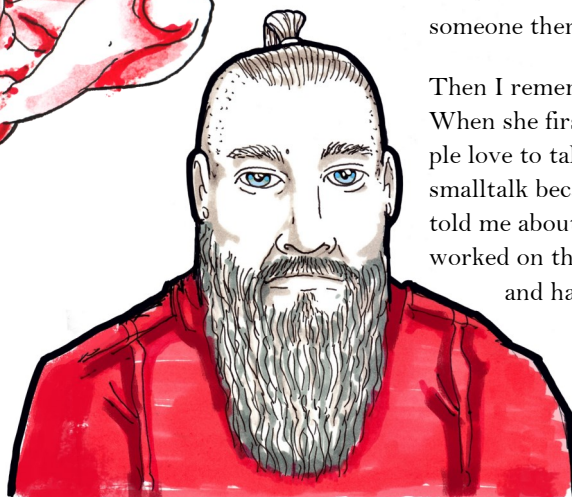


## "Trumpish coffe power !



Two years ago I actually made a big painting for the first time in my life and it's based on an idea to make erotic art with less sexualised characters. This one here is a mix of Donald Trump and the Swedish prime minister Stefan Löfven, also some parts Belgian blue (the anabolic steroid cow) and silicon tits.

The kitchen knives in the background also add a nice feel to it. It was not actually my point that it should like the character in the painting has a knife in the butt, that detail was pure coincidence. This painting is now hanging at "Vegan bar" in Malmö and the owner of the bar said each week many people admire it.



"How the Corona virus  
created a friendship  
And made earth a  
Very lovely  
small place."



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I was on a flight from Bulgaria to Sweden and I noticed that straight across from where I sat there was a weird young fellow with sunglasses a baseball cap and a big black oxygen mask. He also wore silicone gloves. It all looked really strange. If you truly believe that these precautions will help you even if there is only one person in the cabin with the virus, then you have a more vivid imagination than me. Anyhow there also was a quite cool looking guy that could been from the tv show the vikings with a similar look to Ragnar Lodbrok and with a giant Thors hammer. When we came to Vienna he saw an ID card on the floor and I said it might belong to the "gas mask dude", so he gave it to him.

He said, very briefly, thank you. On the next flight me and the Viking were sitting on the same row and I said to him that it was so much fun when he gave it to the "gas mask dude", and I said "He must got a serious nervous breakdown since you gave it to him with your bare hands." He answered that he probably would try to use a flame thrower to clean it afterwards and we had a laugh.

We then talked about the Kukeri festival in Bulgaria and lots of things and about cultural differences between Sweden and Bulgaria. I was told that Finnish people really don't care much for smalltalk and that it takes time to learn to know someone there and for them even to say hi.

Then I remembered a story a friend from Japan told me. When she first came to Sweden she noticed that Swedish people love to talk about the weather she realised that it was smalltalk because we can't stand the silence here. He then told me about a friend from Japan that he met when he worked on the Silja line who was also a flight attendant and had had a son recently and was living in Vienna, it turned out that it is the same person. So it turned out that the Bulgarian and me, the Swede shared a friendship with the same Japanese girl that lives in Vienna, The world is quite strange sometimes :)



# Violinistic sexual charisma



Places that are COOLNESSbased and recommended to check out by Carrottribe members over the world:



Supercheap beer!  
Södra skolgatan 45 Malmö/ Sweden

**Taproom:** epic selection of Beers!  
Bergsgatan23 Malmö Sweden

**KitKatKlub,** Köpenicker Str.76 Berlin  
Epic fetisch club

**Café Tschusch** for anarcistic coffee and  
the worlds best Palak paneer  
Fuldastrasse 12  
Berlin-Neukölln

Ost passage **theater**  
Cultural social project  
Konradsstrasse 27  
(via ALDI),  
Leipzig

**Ölcafeét** Södra  
Skolgatan 43  
Malmö, Sweden  
Chilled out crew.



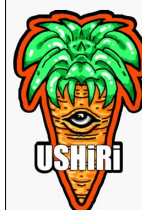
I walked to Malmö Academy of Music, this I do occasionally from time to time to be embraced by classical instruments and sometimes classic compositions with new free thinking ideas. This time Peter Sheppard Skaerbe was there to show new techniques. I didn't know what to expect or if it was mostly about analysing deeper technical aspects. Regardless, I have no preference whatsoever in music I'm a big lover of all audio in all the different genres and forms.

When you first see Peter Sheppard you see an ordinary man with a neutral face. But when he puts the bow to his violin the reality is twisted all around you and you get into a sort of trance like he himself seems already be in. Never before have I felt such charismatic passion and energy from another artist as I did then.

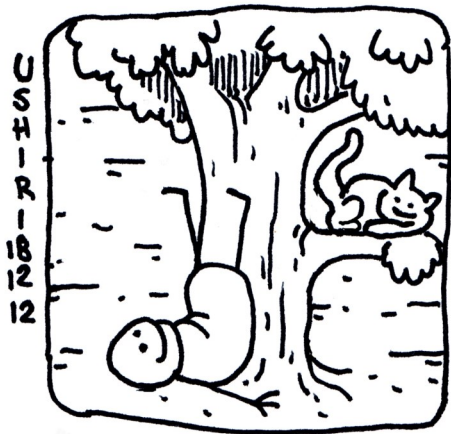
I was so completely taken by what I experienced in front of me that I wondered if I had fallen in love but then I understood that it was just this enormous energy and presence that swept me away like a storm and to this day has continued to inspire me in my own creativity. If you get the chance I strongly recommend you to see Peter Sheppard Skaerved and do it without hesitation.



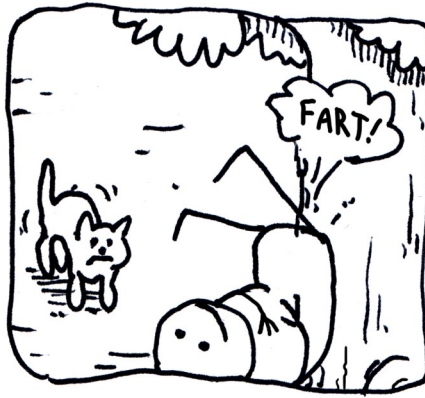
**CARROTTRIBE**  
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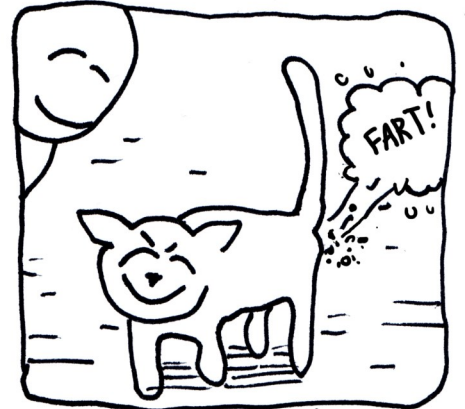




Sometimes you just want to lie under a tree



Perhaps release some air too.

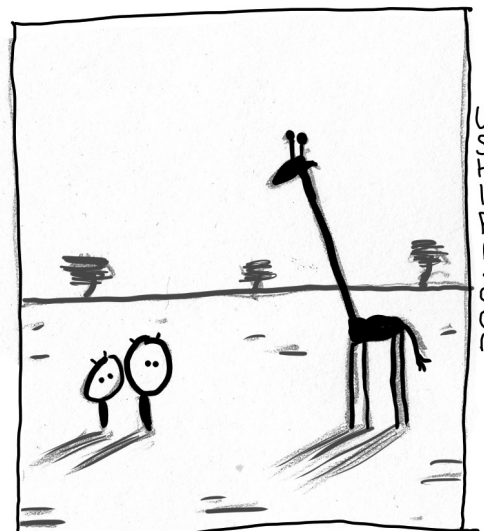
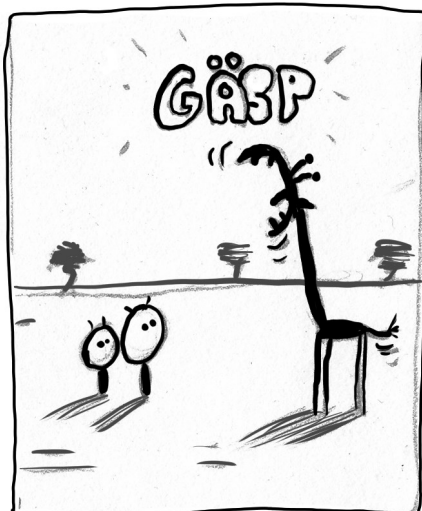
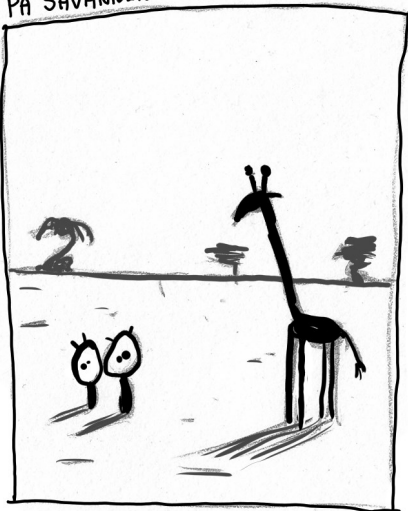


Perhaps the cat aswell



HOME OF USHIRI,  
PHOTO: MALENA PERSSON

"PÄ SAVANNEN"

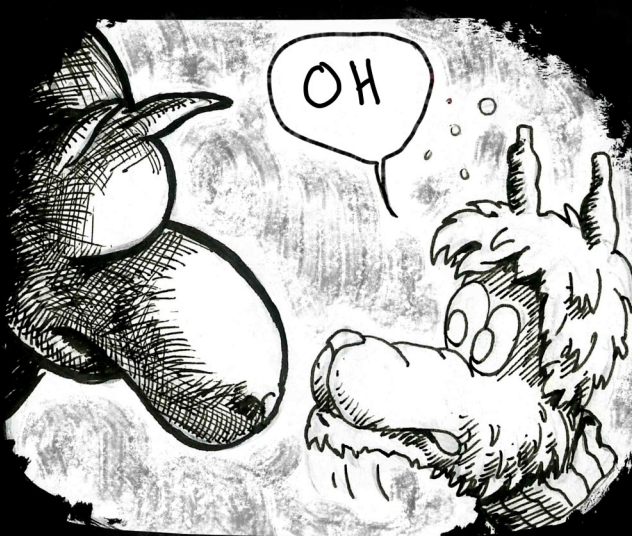
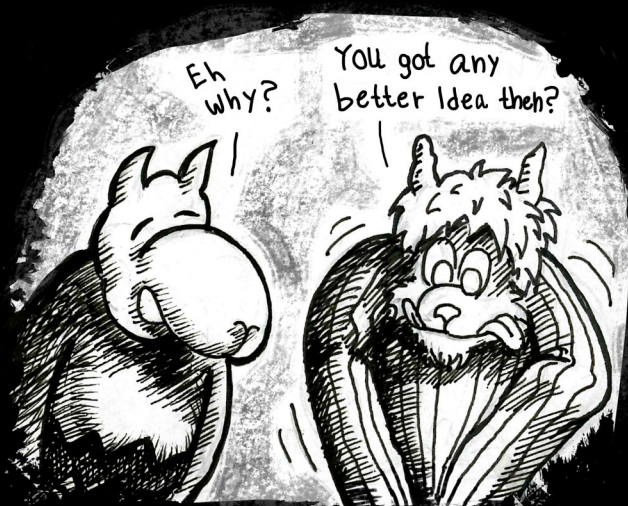








# Edwin Und Jens



Peter Stenberg ©

Först publicerad i "Bibel3000 psychedelic comics magazine" år 2000.  
@ushiri\_stenberg , ushiri.com





As a gamer, nerd and board game inventor. I spent a total 199 hours playing this game on Steam. The game Galcon2 is of course a further developed version of Galcon which in turn is a minimalistic fast paced space-game for 1 to 12 players online.

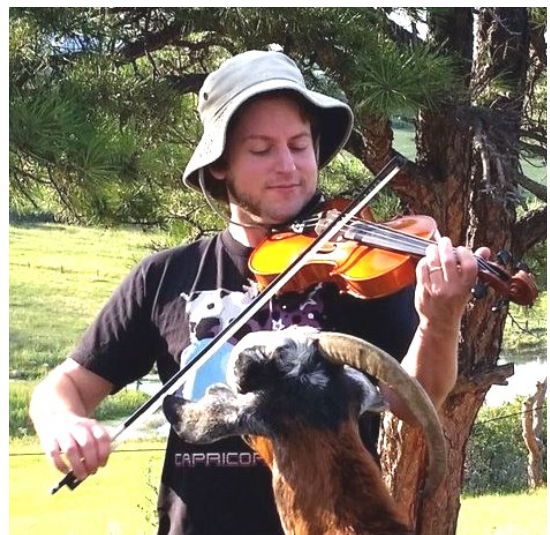


The reason I wanted to write a review of this game is not only because of the game mechanics itself but also for the very calming feeling you get as your small spaceship floats across the screen, and also for the enormously cozy soundtrack.

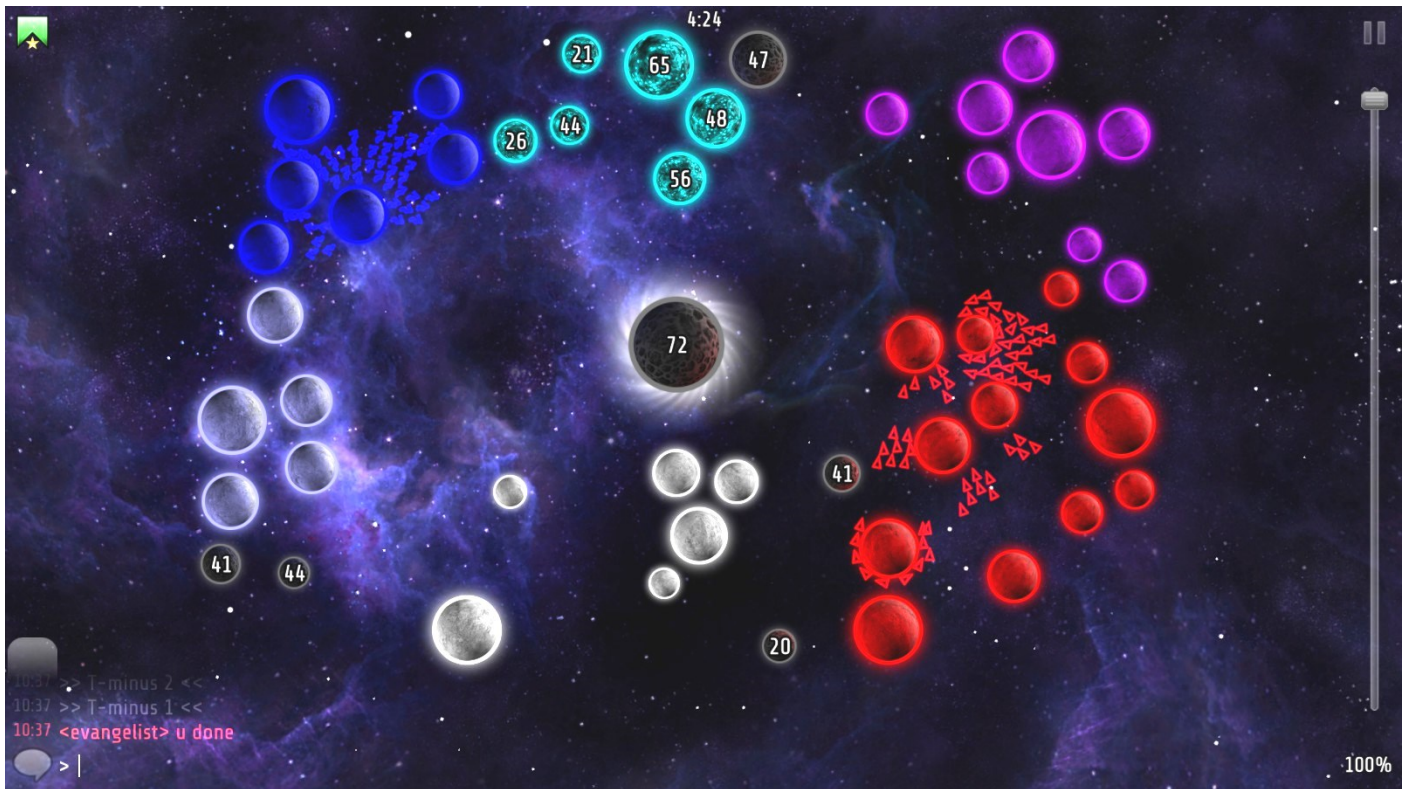
The game is available on steam or as an app for smartphones and is developed by Phil Hassey.

Phil Hassey is from Australia and is the creator of Galcon and is the proud owner of several goats. He also won the IGF which is a an innovation price for mobile games. He also plays fiddle, is totally crazed about coding and is the organiser for gamejams ( an event for game developers who meet up for some days and program and code games together in competitions).

He also wants to buy a pair of giraffes and he is involved in goat racing together with his wife and these goats.







Above is the playfield in the game mode "King of the hill". This screen consists of lots of planets in varying size, mostly around 65 planets in total, the game map which symbolises the galaxy in Galcon2.

Depending on its size, the planet generates spaceships faster. All players gets a random colour for their planet and spaceships at the start of the game round. Planets where you can see the amount of spaceships with a number in the middle are neutral planets and is not owned by any player.

On the right side is a percentage bar, with which you control the amount of spaceships ( mouse scrollwheel ) that you want to send from one planet to another. You can't see how many spaceships the enemy have on their planets.

## Ruler over the galaxy










The role you strive for is to be a master of the galaxy. The goal is to take all other planets with spaceships, If you have mores ships than the enemy, then you will conquer the planet.

The problem is of course all players want to achieve this goal. A complete game round usually takes from a few minutes to up to 15 minutes but can of course be even longer. There is a big amount of game modes to choose from which you can try out and also lots of mods that are free to use.



As seen above you can choose from lots of different game modes, there is of course also a single player mode if you prefer that or you can play together with a clan on a huge galaxy campaign map.



	Franker <96> [Olympus]	2	
	(mimas) <55>	1	
	(lelowadih) <23> [Renegade]	0	
	STARFLEET <164> [Highlander]	0	
	ushiri <76> [BangBang]	0	

Personally I'm extremely bad at Galcon, so I instead play a game within the game with my own set of rules where my main goal is to just stay alive and then if somebody attacks me I will go after that player for revenge some rounds. Only extremely rare I go for winning the gameround.

Regardless it's a very easy game to get into and strongly addicting in a positive way. Of course you can buy stuff in game for real money if you want too, but it's only cosmetic how you planets and ships look. All these things can also be bought with the in game money you earn as a player.

You can also choose to join a clan/team with other players and play rounds in cooperative mode against the computer.

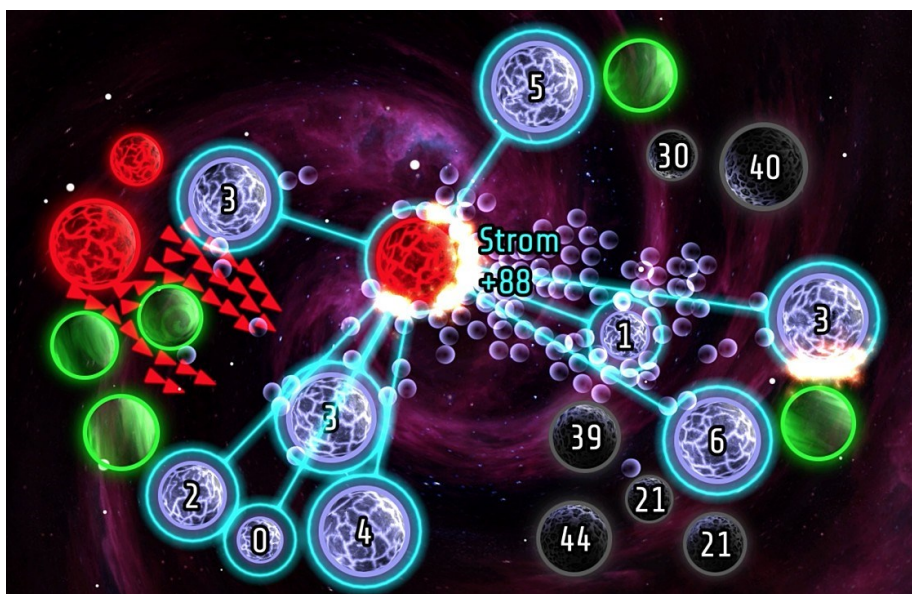
I strongly recommend you to try it out so you can enjoy the very captivating feel and the cozy music.

Sources:

[philhassey.com](http://philhassey.com)

[twitter.com/philhassey](https://twitter.com/philhassey)

Other pressmaterial Is taken from [galcon.com](http://galcon.com) and private screenshots.



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## Interview with game developer Phil Hassey

### How did you come up with the idea for Galcon?

When I was a kid I played a game called "Galactic Conquest" for old MS DOS machines. It was a text based and turn based game. It was my first multiplayer strategy gaming experience. Many years later in 2006, I entered the Ludum Dare game competition and prototyped Galcon in 48 hours. The theme of the competition was swarms.

### Your songs are superbly addicting to listen to, Have you done more music, if not so, why?

Thanks! My brother-in-law Tim did music for the earlier games. Joshua Laya did the music for Galcon Legends and Kim Derome did the music for Galcon 2.

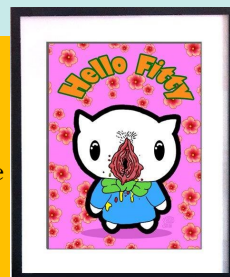
### How do you look upon a continuation of the galcon series?

I imagine there's a good chance I'll make another Galcon game sometime. I recently released Galcon BOTS <https://www.galcon.com/bots/> which is a very low-level programming challenge.

### A more private question, What is the magic behind having goats as friends ?

They are so funny! If you want to read my wife's goat blog it is at <https://www.goatorama.com/>

USHiRi  
Exhibition  
2020  
through the  
whole year  
at:  
Veganbar  
Malmö / Sweden  
Södra skolgatan 45



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Hello Fitty  
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# ART USHURIOZ

**YARYNA  
KHIMARA**

UD-10-02